

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

LARA JOEL isn't to appear in "John W. Blake," the new play by Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin Cobb, after all. Miss Joel is of the opinion that the leading feminine role, which she was to portray, though a good one, isn't exactly suited to her talents, and she has relinquished it. An interesting feature of the new play will be its division into two "episodes," each of which will have a number of scenes. Miss Joel and her husband, Jack Dillon, will spend the summer at Fairhaven, N. J., where the actress will read plays and fish.

"CHIN CHIN" RETURNS.

The "Chin Chin" company, headed by Fred Stone, Dave Montgomery and Frisco, the circus horse, has returned to New York, having closed its season in Chicago Saturday. Since leaving the Globe Theatre the company has visited only two cities—Boston and Chicago. Early in August it will be reassembled for a tour that will include a number of the other large cities.

A CAME FOR CURRIE.

William H. Currie, who was manager of "His Majesty Bunker Bean," has returned to New York with a fine gold-headed cane presented him by his associates in the company. Mr. Currie is Vice President of the recently formed theatrical social organization known as the Dangers' Club. Its membership includes George Wells, Al Simmons, Harry Elmer and others of that clan.

SHESGREEN WITH INCE.

James Shesgreen, who has been manager for Margaret Anglin for four years, has become general representative for Thomas W. Ince and "Civilization." Just before leaving Miss Anglin he signed her up for motion picture work.

"P. & P." IN PARIS.

"Potash & Perlmutter" (the first dramatization of the Glass stories) is doing well in Paris. It was translated into French by John Raphael Arqui. Here is playing Mawriss and Max Dealy Abe.

WANGER HAS RESIGNED.

With the exception of a single, mid-looking office boy, the Elizabeth Marbury organization is now an all-female affair. Walter Wanger, who was the Marbury general manager, has resigned. The boy, it is understood, is a Suffragist.

ASK US—WE KNOW.

Was Rubie Marquard ever an actor?—Isaac Spitz.

No, but he was on the stage. My son works in a bank, but he is a natural born singer. How can he get a trial?—Mrs. Rosie Julie See.

Have him swipe some of the bank's funds. This isn't theatrical, but I am an actor. I want to ask why the Republic did not nominate Roosevelt.—Francis X. Lavelle.

They thought it no Hughes. I have written a song called "When Mother Flipped the Flapjacks." How can I sell it?—A. Whiff.

Consult some musical friend who lives in a detached house. He undoubtedly has a cellar.

GOSSIP.

The Allied Bazaar will be continued two days more.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert has taken a cottage at Interlaken, N. J., for the summer.

Frances Starr's new comedy, "Little Lady in Blue," was played for the first time last night at Nixon's Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City.

Loney Haskell was seen walking up the middle of the street in Broadway today. It was a result of so much parading with the Friars.

Jules Jordan showed his new act at the Bronx Opera House Sunday night. He has been offered some good bookings.

Cecil Lean and his wife, Cleo Mayfield, will leave today for the White Mountains. They will travel by motor car.

Joanne Eagles has returned from Kansas City. She will go to the Thousand Islands soon. Early in August she will begin rehearsing in a new play under the management of Joseph Brooks.

Sam Ash, tenor, has left the cast of "Katinka." He will spend the summer making phonograph records.

Campbell Cassel, who lives on a farm in New Jersey, painted his barn last

"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—The New Maid Shortly Will Become a "Canned Peach!"

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Will Stand for a Lot, but ——— !!!

By Vic



YOU!

By Arthur Baer



WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long



WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan



MOLLIE OF THE MOVIES

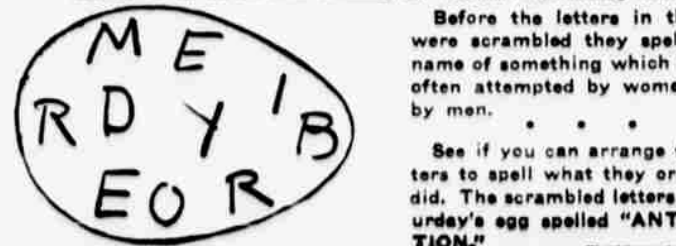
By Alma Woodward

The Show of Yesterday.
SCENE: Offices of the Gloria Film Company. Mollie, dressed in a general manager's suit, is talking to a group of men.
M. (firmly)—Now, don't be in such a hurry. You say you understand, and you don't at all. I tell you I want some slick photos this time. I'm sending you to the swiftest photographer in the city. Not because I want to, y' understand, but because the other companies are pulling this Fifth Avenue stuff and we gotta trail. I want these photos of you to beat every other screen star hands down. I want class. No theatrical stuff now—class! Y' understand?
Mollie (briefly)—Leave it to me, boss. I've got an artistic soul, but it's never had a chance to leak out. Here's the psychological moment. Slow music, doused glim, large curtain. Applause! Just leave it to me. (Mollie enters her royal purple limousine, upholstered in pueason flowers, and hies her to the Fifth Avenue photographer's. Arrived, she finds that he is a kindred spirit. She explains that what her company wants just now is class, and he agrees to produce results.)
Mollie (apologetically)—I never had a swanklike neck Mr. A., but from the first-class surgery that I've seen prac-

at that arm!
Mollie (aghast)—The arm of Helen of Troy, for whom a seven years' war was waged.
G. M. (coldly)—That doesn't cut any ice—she never got a double truck in the rotogravure section of a Sunday paper! What is that, an ankle, or a hitching post?
Mollie (indignantly)—The ankle of Cleopatra—for whom men gave up thrones.
G. M. (unsympathetically)—That's all right—but the public never gave up a quarter admission to see her fall down a flight of stairs. And that

SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES

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